

DIE LEERE MITTE

Random Access Journal

B E R L I N

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.....

```
#include <stdio.h>
int main()
{
    printf("Hello, Berlin!");
    return 0;
}
```



OM LO RS

DIE LEERE MITTE
Guidelines

Broadly accepted: Experimental and conceptual writing, theoretical papers, asemic and concrete texts, vispo, theorems, axiom collection, quantum weirdness, reviews of books addressing these topics and the like.

Texts: poetry (60 lines max. overall); prose (500-600 words max. overall). *Format:* Times New Roman 12; single line spacing; all in one .doc or .odt file. *Languages:* Catalan, Croatian, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish.

Visual: 1-3 B&W images. *Format:* jpg, tiff, png, 72-300 DPI.

Simultaneous submissions are welcome, provided that the piece is withdrawn if accepted elsewhere, as well as previously published works when properly credited. Each issue will be free to download (.pdf). A printed version will be made available through lulu.com for collectors. No reading fee; no payment or copies to contributors at present. Authors assume responsibility for the originality, intellectual property rights and ethical implications of submitted works.

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John Bennett : *Waterdream*

WATERDREAM

*TV face freezes blank plywood slab blood smeared
splintered phone falls from mouth sleep wave
drowns the grain*

RIGHT

2 R feet 2 R arms 2 R legs 2 R ears 2 R eyes
2 R nostrils 2 R teeth a R tiny dicks 2 R assholes
one on the head one on the throne

)))the dream of a man with a gun is the dream of a shoe in
a pot of tea is the dream of a book with a single
hole through it █• - for Antic Ham(((

EYEBURST CLOUDS following words - for Iván Argüelles

)))dream of pigeons in a circle of women holding lanterns is dream of a whirlpool in a distant ocean which is the dream of a fridge standing open in a dark room - for C. Mehrl Bennett(((

>sneeze & grope<
>sneezero & gropen<
>nepong & orezeens<

LA ESPECIE PROBLEMÁTICA SE ECHA LAS MIGAS “no me quedan huevos duros”

LEFT

*I dog throat arfed uh wave of lint & shredded
plastic teeth dissolved in hair my silenced deathrow
across burning room tower rises toward the cloudeye*

UNGULATE LUNGULATE HUNGULATE

D U N G U L A T E



ton



gue

fe

lse

do

w

n

≈DREAMWATER LAKEBREASTS≈

)))Was it the dream of 3 moths with shiny red teeth? - for Susan Gold(((

Harald Kappel : *Chloroform*

ich bin ein Apfelmoststoff
er ist der Kelch des Leidens
Chloroform das Gift
im Keller ist mein Sarg begraben
der Tod ist immer für sich
sagt die Vaterschwester
sie hat in stummer Wut
die Wände bekritzelt
innen

ich bin mein Lazarett
die Abszesse schwerer
die Narkosen leichter
als das Leben
Mostäpfel blühen
auf roter Gärung
bewacht ein Vorstehhund
die Notaufnahme
die Membrane
die Osmose

ich bin Iris
die Schwester der Harpyie
der Sturmwind des Frühlings
eine heraldische Regel
staubiges Chloroform
ist mein Atemrauch
meine Zeit ist müde
ich habe das Uhrblatt bekritzelt
außen

Harald Kappel : *Halluzinogen*

bin ich nicht
ein ausgebrüteter Mensch
erst gescheit
dann flott gelebt
in liderlicher Zeit
schleichen still die Schatten
unter meine Augen
eine Rauferei
dann elektrisches Strahlen
eine Drüsenaffektion
ein Nervenschlag
das Beruhigungspulver
ist meine Tagessonne
die tägliche Mystik
mein Hausfriedensbruch
das Abendmahl
mein Versöhnungsfest
alle Ideen
wurzeln ja in der Kindheit
meine Entschuldigung
erst gescheit
dann flott gelebt
schleichen still die Schatten
in meinen Kopf
meine Erinnerung
Halluzination

Francesco Aprile : *Laravel poem*

```
<?php
namespace App;
use Illuminate\Database\Eloquent\Model;
use Laravel\Scout\Searchable;
class SearchPoetries extends Model
{
    use Searchable;
    protected $fillable = ['existence', 'world', 'poem'];
    public function toSearchableArray() {
        $array = [
            'id' => $this->id,
            'existence' => $this->existence,
            'world' => $this->world,
            'poem' => $this->poem,
        ];
        return $array;
    }
}
?>
```

Francesco Aprile : *Git poem*

Git (/git/) is a version-control system for tracking changes in computer files and Paracetamol is reported as an ingredient of Tachipirina the core component of an operating system. Using inter-processes medication guide provided by your pharmacist communication coordinating work on those files among multiple people. Take this medication primarily used for source-code management in software development, but use a teaspoon to remove the fibrous ‘choke’ buried in the centre. Discard. Trim top off and pare down the leaves which cover the base of the revision-control system. Place artichokes on top of the steaming basket, it is aimed at speed, data integrity, and support for distributed, non-linear workflows for 25 to 35 minutes or longer, until the outer leaves can easily be pulled off. Expose this poem with artichokes non-linear workflow. Repeat: workflow of flow poems pose expose exposistance. The sense of poem? As birth.

The raw performance characteristics of Git are very strong when compared to many alternatives. Committing new changes, branching, merging and comparing in combination with other medications, such as in many cold medications all optimized for performance. The algorithms implemented inside Git take advantage of deep knowledge about serious skin rashes may rarely occur, and too high a dose can result in liver failure. It is the most commonly used medication attributes of real source code file trees, how they are usually modified over time and what the access patterns are. Overturning of a versioning system. The poem consists of traces versioned, as in writing. Git poem is a short circuit in the grammar git, insert cracks in a given workflow. Poem (as a crack) in a technical workflow.

John Bennett : *Root house light*

root house light crowded
skulls split made infuriated was
contention benches abandoned
head their lineage house name
reception faces first per speaker son
weight enlarged as well small carried off
worked existence each came as births
fell on sky pool serpent transformation
blood would pooled be heard
essence did self-revelation toppling
came to head name is nature
sons crowded broke nations mountain
war collapsed not killers bring
bled post descendants shattered
mouth fear resin stone fallen

De-reading the Popol Vuh - 5

John Bennett : *Watch mountain war*

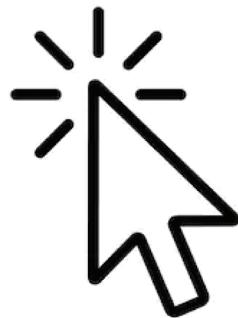
watch mountain war off war off
anger killers as to face persons
mouth said arrows guards they
dawn blocks plains mountains house
captive would increased house
burden first gathered withered they
twisted cord command tokens person
pointed bench watchers mats named
listeners mouths therefore mountains
person flower temple face would
feathers sustenance if as clear they
hunger book fast Popol essence Vuh
burn means zapote food great maize
sign women care sleep burning
sky therefore hearts wept bowels

De-reading the Popol Vuh – 6

MENU

1. me n u
2. me n u
3. me n u
4. me n u
5. me n u
6. me n u
7. me n u
8. me n u
9. me n u
10. me n u
11. me n u
12. me n u
13. me n u
14. me n u
15. me n u
16. me n u
17. me n u

Elmedin Kadric : I



Thorsten Krämer : *Technikalbum*

Schleißauskleidung
Bewegungswiderstände
Zugbeanspruchung

Schüttgutflussplanung
Gebäudeautomation
Schüttgutaufgabe

Fernmessverfahren
Auswerteeinrichtungen
Einhärtungstiefen

Monofilament
Außerdienststellungsphase
Endlosglasfasern

Stellgrößenbereich
Regalbediengeräte
Nichteisenschrotte

Naturzugkälturm
Taupunktunterschreitungen
Gehörgefährdung

Ausrichtanweisung
Koexistenzmanagement
Kurzzeitmittelwert

Messunsicherheit
Nassreinigungsmaschine
Luftbeschaffenheit

Tastschnittgeräte
Verkehrsflächenreinigung
Ganzkörperschwingung

Auswurfbegrenzung
Lösungspriorisierung
Rotheilherstellung

Traversenmessung
Deponiegasaustritte
Gebietskörperschaft

Gasfeuchtemessung
Geräuschesituationen
Windfeldmodelle

Kalibierstrahler
Gleichstromversorgungsgerät
Heimtierkremation

Johannes S. H. Bjerg : *Chet Baker's trumpet*

BIT TI - - - ER
A B
AN C HORN T A
J H
KER'S PING M
GHT
H C B N NES IN M
HET DRY - - DU
DI IERO
NE 'HE B 1Y ME
M(P OF

Edward Lee : *Door, scratches*



Hibah Shabkhez : *À l'enfant perdu*

Petit soleil sanguin, jauni, orangé,
Venu dans cette ruelle dérangée
Ce pot d'encre noir;

Listen: there is a softer note in the half
Kindliness hidden yet in her jaded laugh,
A lamp in your dark;

Regarde : là-bas, dans le ciel plein de sel
Brille une nuée mince, changeante, frêle,
Porteuse d'espoir;

Follow the cloud-shadow home, little stranger
With a still-warm laugh to keep you from danger
Through night shorn and stark.

Patricia Walsh : *Tea at the Charnel House*

Overworked, to a joke, a dodgy elbow
Industrial estates cold and unfunny
Truncated patience hitting the graves
Of ambition, of relevance, of glories once were
Equalised in a warehouse, dismembered to a tee.

Monoculture skeletons, recorded nicely
Categorised for purpose, reconstituted people
Washed with a cold sense of duty,
Never worrying about life, death, passed by
Sieved through retention, occupation fulfilled.

The infirm among us sing this popular joke
Today, your turn, tomorrow, mine.
Repeating for perfection a happy death
Informing the public of information overload
Mounting, piece by piece, of informed delight.

Reconstructing the lost, forgotten artefacts
Stealing rest from the misunderstood
Moving earth and heaven to access data
Reducing the death to a controlled explosion
Braving the wet to categorise other people.

Picking through teeth, babies once dangled
Spectrum of sorrow easily dispensed with
Professional distance realised down the pub
Lives threatened with eventual demise
Not right now, though, sport while you may.

Patricia Walsh : *Mouse Potato*

Nicely countered, unswayed by goodness
Fighting the storm in a bloodless fight
Raking qualifications into the small hours
Entertained ceaseless over animated bile.

Heartfelt emissions seal a lesser fate
Outdoor sports mangled on the PlayStation
Sieving on demand an accurate disposition
Not apologising for dissection incurred.

Time to abort the fuzzy window
Convenience or death a starker choice
Widening girth a cause to be ignored
Flat-box dreams a closeted glory.

Hopeless children get a stab at it
Hand-eye coordination reigning supreme.
Future rights blunders fostering a need
Accuracy under pressure a turgid prize

The wrists of an 80-year old, what of it now?
The right hand will always find a weldome home
Beating the misbegotten, standing alone
Criminal masterminds haling the missions.

Accumulated coffee, worn-down posterity
Sucks as nature intended, a slow burnout
Likely friends stall attention deficient
Imaginary goods a claim likely

Patricia Walsh : *Sudden Life*

Fluorescent, you were, like an obvious Christmas tree
Safety in dissociation, a solitary denizen
Twitching into seeing sights, a perpetual wind-up
No destruction a good one, catching your drift.

Not being open, bang out of order
Temptation seized up to crack its own jokes
Flashed onto mobiles tell another story
Comfortable outsidings a relevant field.

Fountains as do, spitting water
At the wrong angle, wind permitting
Winning insanity, dancing in the thick dark
Cycles relieved of duty stand erect.

Outdoor seating forgives the weather
To changeable for some, whatever it may
Wish to export rain is often expressed
Glut of cafés rake in the regardless

Cafés close, pubs open. Alarms chime to a point
Secret boxes ravaged in plain sight
No money to entertain, holding onto slight
A peculiar coupling never felt so dull.

A biodegradable stench walking backwards.
High-rise failures black-pitch the horizon
Nicely towed into the pockets over reason
Blessed into unison, a heterodox plight.

Patricia Walsh : *Snakehandler*

Surreptitiously angled, avoiding trite warnings
Circling barriers hitting on protection
Some hope of salvation, putting to test
The true hope of deliverance that is your due.

Handling the query, consoled by text
Electrocuting argument behind the screen
Walking through dissociation, pending failure
Ancestral, god-like, saving you from disaster.

Scorning average piety, a test worth saving
Spooked into submission, talking exit wounds
Taking seats among the holy a worthy risk
Eschewing antidotes to the bitter end.

Done to be seen by men, some ultimate exercise
Travelling past sinners and their daily lives
A place in heaved awaits the foolhardy
FastTrack to salvation a guaranteed glitch.

A monopoly on the biblical still stands out
Minor text repeated to a sickening slight,
Nicely delivering the goods under night
The more venomous the better, certain death required.

Survival becomes the badge of honour
Anti-venom avoided to the bitter end
Ridiculous cancer, looking for trouble
Get it, guaranteed, whimsy permitting.

Volodymyr Bilyk : 1.

*suppose this is unsounded:

Tous This To cat

- toto cocid

too

T's H O

UFOF - Ja!

Out Yonder

Vi, tafalk! Ka.

bee-ooo-bee

(oo ee oo ah ah),

Crumb - Cracking

.....

.....

guffaw

Kia ora

--____---

...

(_) ... “--____-' ...

----____---- o

Volodymyr Bilyk : 2.

BE,
Chang Ba
O'Bah
“noodling”
frown silence

Ah Is As As Ah To Ah

Tuba Half Imaginary Tusk

“Huh-Huh-Huh”

Re-eh-eh-ed, re-eh-eh-ed.
C/Z
Thumb through
shimmering
stare and exhale
Slightly Under

“B-350”
Eff

Oso Oso

Volodymyr Bilyk : 3.

placeholder Shining
Different Sounding Sighs

Lala - Dizzy

Is It Something?

- Mosquito?

- Peach?

Obobo - cheek wind

Reflected undefined

“55555!”

dryly Cha

Tar

‘yellow,’ ‘yellow.’ ‘yellow,’ yellow yellow

OOO

Volodymyr Bilyk : 4.

Strikethrough stress note
Turquoise Grey
Sinks Into
Unwritten
Air

Squeeze
of the Tempted Angry Silence
Kissing

Hallowed apparition - “coiffes hist”
Unknown ZZZZZZZ!
Waiting

Volodymyr Bilyk : 5.

SO

Gut

Blah Blah Blah

target obnoxious gravity

Bliss

Repeat

Choke

Boo-Wah

“Slowly, Slowly”

Oh-OK

Is It?

???????

Rebecca Pyle : *Acknowledgement*

My poems are what the bright darkling person is
Laying his head in his arms on the table while he
Listens to reading; I am the person who stares at
Something in front of her and sees royalty.

Pageanty, burnt-out fires, silent drums. I am that
Ridiculousness, times six, minus four, plus half
A long dead sigh, minus twelve lords a-leap, six dead
Kings, your refusal to read history, believe photographs.

You gave me the set of eight tickets, the unrolling velvet
Cloth and addresses of dead mathematicians, ragtag
People to put adrift in a boat and forget, while you
Stay behind, politely blinking. Time-Man, I thank
You. Marconi, Edison, say, from far away, *thank you.*

(But you pretend it was not you, was never you, don't
Know what I'm talking about.) *Go on*, you say, your
Face ashine, red, simple, pure, full, strangely full of
Its love I cannot possibly deserve. *Go on.*

